NUMB. CL.

The GUARDIAN.

Accipiat ſanè mercedem ſanguinis, & ſic
Palleat, ut nudis preſſit qui calcibus anguem. Juv.

Thurſday, September 3. 1713.

To the GUARDIAN.

Old NESTOR,

'I Believe you diſtance me not ſo much in Years
'as in Wiſdom, and therefore ſince you have
'gained ſo deſerved a Reputation, I beg
'your Aſſiſtance in correcting the Manners
'of an untoward Lad, who perhaps may liſten
'to your Admonitions, ſooner than to all the
'ſevere Checks, and grave Reproofs of a Father.
'Without any longer Preamble, you muſt know,
'Sir, that about two Years ago, *Jack* my eldeſt Son
'and Heir was ſent up to *London*, to be admitted of
'the *Temple*, not ſo much with a View of his Stu-
'dying the Law, as a deſire to improve his Breeding.
'This was done out of Complaiſance to a Couſin of
'his, an Airy Lady, who was continually teizing
'me, that the Boy would ſhoot up into a meer Coun-
'try Booby, if he did not ſee a little of the World.
'She her ſelf was bred chiefly in Town, and ſince
'ſhe was married into the Country, neither looks,
'nor talks, nor dreſſes like any of her Neighbours,
'and is grown the Admiration of every one but
'her Husband. The latter End of laſt Month
'ſome important Buſineſs called me up to Town,
'and the firſt thing I did, the next Morning about
'ten, was to pay a Viſit to my Son at his Cham-
'bers; but as I began to knock at the Door, I was
'interrupted by the Bed-maker in the Stair-caſe,
'who told me her Maſter ſeldom roſe till about
'twelve, and about one I might be ſure to find
'him drinking Tea. I bid her ſomewhat haſtily
'hold her prating, and open the Door, which ac-
'cordingly ſhe did. The firſt thing I obſerved up-
'on the Table was the ſecret Amours of —— and
'by it ſtood a Box of Pills; on a Chair lay a Snuff-
'Box with a Fan half broke, and on the Floor a
'Pair of Foils. Having ſeen this Furniture I
'entered his Bed-Chamber, not without ſome Noiſe,
'whereupon he began to ſwear at his Bed-maker
'(as he thought) for diſturbing him ſo ſoon, and
'was turning about for the other Nap, when he
'diſcover'd ſuch a thin, pale, ſickly Viſage, that
'had I not heard his Voice, I ſhould never have
'gueſſed him to have been my Son. How diffe-
'rent was this Countenance from that ruddy, hale
'Complexion, which he had at parting with me
'from home! After I had wak'd him, he gave me
'to underſtand, that he was but lately recover'd
'out of a violent Feaver, and the Reaſon why he did
'not acquaint me with it was, leaſt the melancholy
'News might occaſion too many Tears among his
'Relations, and be an unſupportable Grief to his Mo-
'ther. To be ſhort with you, old NESTOR, I hurried
'my young Spark down into the Country along
'with me, and there am endeavovring to plump
'him up, ſo as to be no Diſgrace to his Pedigree: for I
'aſſure you it was never known in the Memory
'of Man, that any one of the Family of the *Ring-*
'*woods*

(Price Two Pence.)